Anacreontic,

By her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Devonſhire.*

BRING me flowers, bring me wine;
Boy, attend thy maſter's call!
Round my brows let myrtles twine,
At my feet let roſes fall.
Breathe in ſofteſt notes the flute;
Form the ſong, and ſound the lute;
Let the gentle accent flow,
As the whiſpering zephyrs blow.

Sorrow would annoy my heart;
But I hate its baneful ſting;
Joys ſhall chace the rapid dart;
I will laugh, and I will ſing!
What avails the downcaſt eye?
What avails the tear, the ſigh?
Why ſhould grief obſtruct our way,
When we live but for a day?

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.